JOHN L. GIVEN A BENEFIT.

The Ex-Champion Receives an Ovation from a New York Audience.

He Spars Three Tame Rounds With His Recent Conquerer—Corbett Gets His $20,000.

New York, Sept. 17.—A splendid ovation was given John L. Sullivan in Madison Square garden tonight. Nine thousand men and also about 300 woman lent themselves to the occasion, and showered wild applause when the ex-champion appeared in the ring to wind up his benefit with a bout with Jim Corbett, his victorious opponent.

The applause as Sullivan's burly frame appeared was something awful. As Sullivan turned from right to left, and bowed his head the cheering grew wilder. Sullivan folded his arms across his breast, and turned his eyes toward the roof to conceal the moisture that dimmed them. Then Corbett leaped over the ropes and hastened to the center of the ring, took Sullivan's bare hands in his gloved ones and quiet was restored, and then the ex-champion spoke briefly, heartily thanking the people for such a reception after his defeat. He said he had nothing but praise for Corbett, and if he continued in the right path he could hold the championship as many years as he (Sullivan) did. He had no excuse to make for his defeat, saying that when a defeated man makes excuses he makes the great mistake of his life. Corbett also spoke a few words, saying that he would try to hold the championship as long as Sullivan had.

Time was then called; if the crowd expected any heavy hitting it was disappointed, as the exhibition consisted of three very tame rounds. All sorts of advice was shouted at Sullivan, such as "Give him the right," "Now get in a good one for revenge," but the ex-champion smiled sadly and continued to exchange light blows. When the man left the ring Sullivan was surrounded by a perfect mob, and the big basket of flowers he carried narrowly escaped destruction.

Sullivan may well be satisfied with the reception, as it not only showed him he still had friends, but netted him a handsome profit. Corbett tonight was given a reception at the Tenderloin club, and Mark Dwyer turned over to him $20,000 stakes he won at New Orleans.

AFRICA'S GIANT WILD MAN.

The Fierce Savage Who Was Slain by a Lion Hunter.

Late in 1887 a fatal epidemic broke out among the captive lions in all parts of the world. It was very like the epizooty which struck the horses five years later, but nearly all the lions died, and so the price rose 200 or 300 per cent. This excited great activity among the famous lion hunters of Quillimane, East Africa, who usually capture the animals by the covered pit method.

The agent of a great Hamburg animal house penetrated to the main lion range near Lake Nyassa, employed forty-two negroes and had captured one lion and a few inferior beasts when he discovered that some mysterious creature was interfering with his pits. One morning his men found a magnificent male lion dead in a pit. Apparently he had been killed by a sharp pointed stake, and there were huge tracks about, somewhat like those of a gorilla.

"I was satisfied," says the agent in his report, "that no one but a man could make use of such a pole. Indeed the fact of the pole's being hardened by fire was proof sufficient that a man was engaged in the work. He must be a native of course, and he must also be a wild man. After holding a council with three or four of my best men we started out in parties of ten to hunt down the wild man. Each of my men had a cheap English musket and knew how to use it, and the order was to fire at the man at sight. To brace up the courage of the natives I offered a reward of ten dollars to whoever should fire the lucky shot. The four parties took different directions. The one I headed went to the north, where there was a long stretch of almost impenetrable thicket, with various paths traversing it in different directions.

"We had turned back and the last man had just fallen in line when I heard a shot and a cry of alarm. The three natives next behind me dodged under my arm and made off down the path, while the others were so upset that it took me three or four minutes to ascertain what had happened. The wild man had been concealed behind a big tree near the path. He leaped out and struck the last man a blow with his club which killed him on the spot, and he was swinging his weapon to hit the second man when the third fired at him. The wild man bounded into the brush and disappeared, but my men were panic stricken.

"When I announced my intention next morning to hunt him the whole gang of blacks broke into lamentations. One young man, however, said: 'I see, master, that if we do not kill this thing he will kill all of our lions and many of us. If we move away he will probably follow. It is our business to kill him at once. I am only a young man, but I will go with you and do my best.'

FACING THE WILD MAN.

"We agreed that in case we met the wild man face to face he was to fire and then drop to the earth and give me a show. About three miles from camp, and as the path ascended a ridge, my companion halted, pointed at a broad tree on the left and whispered, 'Master, do you see that his house is there among the branches?'

"I could make out a platform of sticks and branches, and now I took the advance. My weapons were a rifle and a revolver. We crept cautiously forward until right under the platform, and after a few seconds both of us made out a black foot and leg hanging down between the poles. The wild man was at home, but the next thing was how to deal with him. I had more fear of his getting away than I had of his hurting us. I finally posted myself to the west, believing he would make for a thicket in that direction as soon as disturbed, and at a signal the young man fired at the nest. The report of his gun was followed by a most unearthly yell, and it was yet ringing in my ears when I saw a dark object dropping off the platform to the earth. It was the wild man. The young man stood where he had fired, and before he could realize what was happening the monster was upon him. He was picked up and flung almost at my feet, and as he landed he called to me: 'I am not much hurt, master! Be sure that you kill him, for he is a terribly strong fellow!'

"The man didn't seek safety in flight. On the contrary, he picked up a limb, broke off a part of it for a club and slowly advanced upon us, his eyes flashing, his teeth gritting and his face expressing fury. I had my rifle to my face, and I let him come within ten feet before I fired. He was shot between the eyes, and he fell back so dead that he never moved a finger. When we came to examine him we got frightened. His height was seven feet by the tape line, and he seemed to be all muscle.

"I haven't the least doubt that a slap from his big right hand would have killed any of us stone dead. He had tremendous shoulders, with muscles bunched up in a wonderful way, while his fingers were long and the nails on them almost like claws. Hundreds of natives came to look at the body, but none could remember of having seen the man before. Freed from his interference with our enterprise we had no more trouble, and during the next sixty days we caught and dispatched to the coast eleven as handsome lions as ever roared with indignation at being caged up for the public to gaze upon."

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